

NEW
SERIES

AUGUST

VOL.
41

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round & Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

PART 225.

PRICE
NINEPENCE.

1887.

LONDON
26 WELLINGTON ST.
STRAND.
W.C.

Nos.
975-978

ADVERTISEMENTS must be sent to ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CONTENTS OF PART 225.

No. 976.	PAGE	No. 977.	PAGE
Gretchen. Book VI. Chapters III., IV.	78	Gretchen. Book VII. Chapters I., II.	121
A Cretan Monastery. In Two Parts. Part II.	78	Some Etymological Curios.	125
Racecourses about London. Sandown Park and Hampton	83	The Old Caeket. A Poem	131
Rich and Free. A Story in Three Chapters. Chap. I.	84	Chronicles of the Welsh Counties: Cardigan, Pembrokeshire, Carmarthen.	131
Suppressed Characters.	89	Rich and Free. A Story in Three Chapters. Chap. III.	136
Uncle Bob's Niece. Chapter XVI.	93	Uncle Bob's Niece. Chapter XVIII.	140
No. 978.			
Gretchen. Book VI. Chapters V., VI.	97	Gretchen. Book VII. Chapters III., IV.	146
A Cretan Monastery. In Two Parts. Part II.	102	At a Great London Fire	151
South African Sketches Snakes.	107	Lawyers at Play	153
Rich and Free. A Story in Three Chapters. Chap. II.	109	Tired Out. A Poem	156
All the Year Round. August	113	"It is more blessed to give than to receive"	156
Uncle Bob's Niece. Chapter XVII.	116	In a Pyrenean Valley	160
		Uncle Bob's Niece. Chapter XIX.	164

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

J. Liebig

Cookery Books post free on
application to the Company,
8, Fenchurch Avenue,
London, E.C.

. Ask for the COMPANY'S Extract, and see that it bears Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.



It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced. For the Toilet and the Nursery it is invaluable. Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., 2s., 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra by the sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

Keeps
THE SKIN COOL
AND REFRESHED
in the
HOTTEST
WEATHER.
Removes and Prevents
FRECKLES,
SUNBURN, TAN, &c.
Renders the Skin
SOFT, SMOOTH, and
WHITE,
and preserves the
COMPLEXION
from the effects of the
SUN, WIND,
SEA-BATHING, &c.,
more effectually than
any other preparation.

BEETHAM'S CAPILLARY HAIR FLUID

(Free from Lead, Dye, and all Poisons)

Is unequalled for Preserving, Strengthening, and Beautifying the Hair. It effectually arrests Falling off and Greyness, Strengthens when Weak or Fine, and wonderfully Improves the Growth. It imparts a Rich Gloss to Hair of all shades, and keeps it in any desired form during exercise.

N.B.—It is made in Three Shades, "Light," "Dark," and "Extra Dark," the last-named being specially prepared to hide Greyness when the Hair has turned in patches, for which it is strongly recommended. It is not a Dye.

Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; free for 3d. extra.

OSLERS' CHINA &

Manufactory, Birmingham.

"The Visitor to London who leaves without seeing the Show Rooms of Messrs. OSLER has missed one of the sights of the metropolis."—*Vide* LAND AND WATER.

GLASS SERVICES.

LAMPS—NEWEST DESIGNS WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

CHANDELIERS FOR GAS & CANDLES. ELECTRICAL FITTINGS.

FLOWER STANDS, TABLE ORNAMENTS, BOWLS AND VASES IN GLASS AND CHINA.

London: Show Rooms, 100, Oxford Street, W.

FU

The

FOU

248,

A
An
A T

E



Know
Wor
Calmi
Ned

short
aggr
symp
with
only
woul

head
any

your
way
1886.

EL

FURNISH YOUR HOUSES

Or Apartments Throughout on
MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.

The Original, Best,

AND

Most Liberal.

FOUNDED A.D. 1868.



CASH PRICES.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TIME
GIVEN.

Full Particulars, Estimates,
Press Opinions, Private Testi-
monials. Post Free.

F. MOEDER,

248, 249, 250, Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, 21, Morwell Street, W.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

ALSO FOR HIRE ONLY.

A Six-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £50.

An Eight-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £100.

A Twelve-Roomed House Furnished Complete for £300.

ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO.

(A SIMPLE VEGETABLE EXTRACT.)

OCCASIONALLY A

DESIRABLE ADJUNCT TO ENO'S FRUIT SALT,

As a Laxative, Stomachic, Blood, Brain, Nerve, Bile, or Liver Tonic. It will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the Stomach and Biliary Secretions.

In a word—"ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO" is Mild, effective, and agreeable, and lasting without force or strain in Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-headache, Gout, Rheumatism, Suppressed Gout, Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from Liver derangement, Flatulence, Wind on the Stomach, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds. Blood Poisons and their kindred evils are prevented and cured by the use of the VEGETABLE MOTO AND ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

A regular action of the Excretory organs of the body is produced by natural means; for distinctly understand, it is impossible for a single tissue of the body to be kept in order if the effete or poisoned substances are not got rid of by a natural and healthy action of the Liver, Bowels, and Skin.

The healthiest occasionally suffer temporary derangement of the Stomach and Liver—with ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO and ENO'S FRUIT SALT you can always relieve, and never do harm; little may be needed, but still, when you have a simple and prompt assistance, many dangerous forms of disease may be arrested and removed at the outset, for this is the time or chance. ENO'S FRUIT SALT and VEGETABLE MOTO should always be kept in every bedroom and every travelling trunk, ready for any emergency.

"Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, S.E., Feb. 7, 1887.

DUFF.
Knowest thou well to-day for worthy things,
Calmly wait to-morrow's hidden season,
Needst not fear, what hap soever it brings.

"To J. C. ENO, Esq.—Sir,—For several years I was troubled with a severe Dyspeptic, Bronchial disturbance, causing great shortness of breath, particularly on rising in the morning. I took many cough remedies, but they, in fact, only seemed to aggravate the irritation in the stomach. At length I tried your 'Vegetable Moto,' and after a few doses found all the bad symptoms leaving me as if by magic; the 'Moto,' by its tonic action, had evidently found the source of the disorder, and I can with truth assert it is the finest remedy I ever had, its effect being so lasting, yet so mild, and if I wish to hasten its action I only have to take a small draught of ENO'S FRUIT SALT. An occasional dose of the 'Moto' is all that I now require, but I would not be without a supply of it at hand on any consideration.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

A GENTLEMAN writes: "The 'Motos' are of exceptional value. I have never known them fail in taking away my headache; they act on the bowels in just twelve hours; the pain passes away, and I feel quite well. There is nothing drastic or any discomfort in using them.—X. Y. Z., Hastings. 1886."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., September 13th, 1886."

Sold by all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; Post Free, 1s. 3d.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

**FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.**

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.

(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender Babe)

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d. (great saving), with full Directions.

Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK sent post free on application by letter or post card, Direct to Alfred Fennings, West Cowes, I.W.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

**THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.**

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1/4d. and 2s. 9d., with directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 9d. (15 stamps, post free), contain three times the quantity of the small boxes.

Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

FIVE GOLD MEDALS.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

**FOR PASTRY, PUDDINGS, TEA-CAKES
AND WHOLESOME BREAD**

BORWICK'S GOLD MEDAL CUSTARD POWDER makes delicious Custards and Blanc-manges. It is most agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Vast numbers use it, and no Family should be without it. Sold by all Chemists, Corn Dealers, and at Stores in 1lb. and 2lb. Packets, and 4d., and 1s. Tins.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 3s or 12s stamps, by the Proprietors,

**THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES
DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.**

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Address in full. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 6, Plum Tree Ct., Farringdon St., London.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with an ENTIRELY NEW AND VALUABLE TREATISE on this Disease, to any sufferer. Give Address in full. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 8, Plum Tree Court, Farringdon Street, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THIS FAMOUS FAMILY MEDICINE is unequalled in the Cure of all DISORDERS of the LIVER, STOMACH, and BOWELS. A GREAT PURIFIER of the BLOOD. A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR of the System, if suffering from WEAKNESS and DEBILITY, and is unrivalled in Complaints incident to Females.

PEPPER'S

2s. 6d. Bottles. **QUININE AND IRON**
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GREAT BODILY
STRENGTH!

GREAT NERVE
STRENGTH!

GREAT MENTAL
STRENGTH!

GREAT DIGESTIVE
STRENGTH!

GREAT DIGESTIVE
STRENGTH!

Promotes Appetite, Cures Dyspepsia, Hysteria, Nervous Complaints, General Debility.

SULPHOLINE

Bottles
Sold
Everywhere.

LOTION

THE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

Eruptions, Blotches, Eczema, Acne, Disfiguring. Makes the Skin Clear, Smooth, Supple, Healthy.

TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.



**GLASS SHADES,
GLASS FLOWER STANDS FOR TABLE DECORATIONS**
**GEORGE HOUGHTON AND SON,
89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.**

GOWLAND'S LOTION,

A botanical preparation of unfailing efficacy in Purifying the Skin from all Pimples, Spots, Freckles, Tan, Scorbatic Dryness, and Discolorations. It allays heat and irritability of the skin, and produces a

HEALTHY PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION;

and by its balsamic qualities making the skin soft and clear, restoring and retaining a charming juvenile elasticity to the skin, and producing a bloom and transparency to the complexion that no other known preparation has accomplished, and is recommended in preference to any other by the Medical Profession. **ESTABLISHED 120 YEARS.**

Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

PULVERMACHER'S WORLD-FAMED GALVANIC BELTS for the cure of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND DEBILITY have received testimonials from three Physicians to Her Majesty the Queen, and over Forty Members of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The distressing symptoms of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION and DEBILITY are speedily removed by means of PULVERMACHER'S world-famed Galvanic Belts, which are so arranged as to convey a powerful electric current direct to the affected parts, gradually stimulating and strengthening all the nerves and muscles, and speedily arresting all symptoms of waste and decay.

Dr. VINES, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians writes, 19th September, 1885:—"Having used Mr. PULVERMACHER'S BELTS for many years, in the course of medical practice, I am in a position to speak of their great value as a curative agent in cases of nervous disease or functional malady where Electricity is likely to be serviceable. I am entirely convinced of their efficacy."

Dr. C. HANDFIELD JONES, F.R.O.P., F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, says:—"I am satisfied that Mr. PULVERMACHER is an honest and earnest labourer in the field of science, and I think he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and scientific men."

Dr. GOLDING BIRD, M.D., Physician, Guy's Hospital, says:—"I can hardly recommend Mr. PULVERMACHER'S INVENTION too strongly to the notice of my medical brethren."

For full Price List and Particulars see new Pamphlet, "GALVANISM: NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY." Post Free from

**PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,
194, Regent Street, London, W.**

**KEATING'S
POWDER**

DESTROYS

**BUGS
FLEAS
MOTHS
BEETLES**

Sold in Tins 6^d 1/- & 2/6

**WORMS IN CHILDREN,
WORMS IN CHILDREN,**

Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. If suspected, do not wait, you can with ease cure the child; this remedy is sure to cure, and safe to use (has no effect except on Worms).

Sold in Tins 1s. 1^d., at all Chemists; or free by post, 15 Stamps.

THOS. KEATING, Chemist, London.

VALUABLE & EXCELLENT FAMILY MEDICINE.

WHELPTON'S

VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)

Are one of those rare Medicines which, for their extraordinary properties, have gained an almost **UNIVERSAL REPUTATION.**

These Pills are purely Vegetable, being entirely free from Mercury or any other Mineral, and those who may not hitherto have proved their efficacy will do well to give them a trial.

Recommended for disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES—these PILLS being a DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.

In Boxes, price 7^d., 1s. 1^d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, and sent free to any part of the United Kingdom, on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps. Sold by all Chemists at home and abroad.

WRIGHT'S PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN. THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP. BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL. MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES. LANCET. TABLETS 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE. RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c. A LUXURY FOR THE BATH. INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY. REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS.

NOW READY, Price 6d., September Number of

THE PRIMROSE MAGAZINE,

A Monthly Illustrated Journal of Attractive Literature.

CONTENTS OF SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

The Master of Glendale. A Serial Story. Chapters XIII., XIV., and XV. (Illustrated.)

Love versus Pride. A Story.

A Jaunt through Burmah. By an English Officer. Part V. (Illustrated.)

Beneath the Surface. No. 5.

John Bright. With Portrait.

Canada and the States.

The Political Outlook.

Woman's Fault. A Serial Story. Chapter I.

(To be continued.)

Primrose Reports, Correspondence, etc.

All Advertisements must be sent to Adams and Francis, 59, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

RUPTURE CURED!

IMPORTANT INVENTION. MR. C. B. HARNESS, the renowned Inventor of Electropathic Belts and other Curative Electrical Appliances, has lately introduced a new **Washable, Everlasting Truss,** known as **HARNESS' XYLONITE TRUSS.**

A NEW TRUSS. Guaranteed to last a lifetime. All who suffer from Rupture should wear **HARNESS' XYLONITE TRUSS.** It has a beautifully smooth, flesh-coloured surface, of a washable and durable material; gives complete comfort and support without irritation; is cheap; and weighs only a few ounces.

FREE OF CHARGE Pamphlet and Advice on application to **Medical Battery Co. Ltd., 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**

Corner of Rathbone Place

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVER & KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS DISORDERS, LADIES' AILMENTS, ETC. Promptly Relieved and CURED BY

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

ALL sufferers should read "Harness' Guide to Health," free by post, containing copies of **Thousands of Testimonials.** Every man and woman in search of **Health, Strength, and Energy,** should at once send a 21s. postal order to the **Medical Battery Co. Ltd., 52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.** and procure one of these famous Belts, and they may rely upon being **CURED**

Corner of Rathbone Place

LUXURIANT GLOSSY HAIR

Is assured to those who discard poisonous hair restorers and dyes and cheap oils, which produce eruptions on the scalp, and use

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Known for nearly 100 years as the best Preserver and Beautifier of the Hair. It contains no lead or mineral ingredients, and can now also be had in a **GOLDEN COLOUR** for fair-haired children. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (Family bottles, equal to 4 small).

Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS', and, avoid cheap worthless imitations, under similar names.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS

NO. 975. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

GRETCHEN.

By the Author of "Dame Durden," "My Lord Concessit,"
"Darby and Joan," "Corinna," etc.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER III.—"THE PITY OF IT."

As the mists of anger, jealousy, and wounded pride cleared away slowly and gradually from Alexis Kenyon's brain, she woke suddenly to the memory that Adrian Lyle had apparently not yet learned the tragic sequel to the story which she had heard from Bari.

He had spoken of Gretchen's fate as still unknown, and had hinted that she might even be desperate enough to present herself at the Abbey. The thought brought the blood to her face in a sudden tide of indignation and yet of fear.

She knew well enough that truth had spoken in every line of Adrian Lyle's face, in every ring of the deep and passion-filled voice. She knew now equally well that Bari had lied—that Neale's weak and yielding nature was alone responsible for this catastrophe, and that on his head the blame must lie. But her keen eyes had read the truth of that one assertion, which she had hurled at Adrian Lyle so contemptuously; she felt that he loved this girl, that her fate meant to him his life's weal or woe; and that knowledge stung her pride and self-sufficiency to the very core.

When she raised herself from the white furs on which she had thrown herself in the first agony and shame of her wounded heart, her face looked ghastly and almost terrible. She began to pace the room to and fro like a caged creature in its den. The delicate lace handkerchief

she held in her hand was rent and bitten into a thousand fragments. It was the only outlet she had dared allow the hysterical passions which had threatened to overwhelm her.

Again and again she told herself that she despised Neale Kenyon, that she hated Adrian Lyle; but one thing she scarcely dared even whisper, and that was the fierce, unholy joy which the knowledge of her rival's shame and suffering brought with its every recollection. Her rival! It was humiliating, but it was true—her rival in the affections of the only two men, whom she had ever permitted to hope for favour or regard!

She, who had so prided herself on her power; who had smiled with such unmoved serenity on the follies and passions of men, she was rivalled now by the mere youth and beauty of this low-born German girl of whose very name she was ignorant!

The thought seemed incredible, and for a time she could scarcely realise its truth.

The shame and disgust, which she had always felt for the intrigues of men, overwhelmed her now with a sense of personal affront and of outraged dignity.

Neale might have done what he liked so long as the knowledge of his actions had not offended her taste, or affected her personally. But he had blundered in the most helpless fashion; he had been capable of the stupidity of giving his own name to be used against him; and he had also committed that last and crowning folly—trusting an inferior, and lying to a rival.

Her rage was less bitter than her contempt for the miserable blunderer to whom she had promised herself. Surely he might have had the decency to keep the girl in her own land; to fence the matter off with some sure barriers; not to leave all to the

mercy of chance and the zealous watchfulness of the man whom he had deceived.

Adrian Lyle's words echoed in her ears with strange persistence. The matter would not rest now, she felt assured. If what Bari had told her was true, the whole country would ring with the scandal, and Adrian Lyle's testimony would be weighty indeed.

At this point of her reflections she rang the bell to summon her maid, and asked whether her father had returned. The girl answered that Sir Roy had just come in, and was in the library.

Alexis asked no more, but went straight down to the room in question, and entered it as unceremoniously as usual. The first glance at her father's face told her he had heard the news. Someone had been before-hand with her.

She stopped abruptly:

"You—you know?" she faltered, touched and vaguely alarmed by the haggard misery of his face. "Who told you?"

"Bari," he said. Then he held out his arms to her; his eyes softened with the idolising tenderness of the love which she had so sorely tried, yet had never found wanting. "Oh, my poor child!" he said, "my poor child!"

These words touched the girl's proud heart, as nothing else could have touched it in that moment when all that was worst in her nature had asserted its power. For a moment she stood before him erect, haughty, defiant; but then the weakness of womanhood asserted itself; she shuddered from head to foot; great tears sprang to her eyes, and she hid her face on that fond and faithful heart, sobbing like a wearied child.

"We must do something," said Sir Roy, at last.

That sudden and unusual storm of weeping had exhausted the girl's strength. She lay back in her chair, white and fragile as a lily. No one, looking at her, would have credited her with the force and fury of the passions which had raged within her breast an hour before.

At her father's words she looked up inquiringly.

"What can we do?" she said. "There is the scandal—the shame—how can they be avoided now?"

"If it is true," said Sir Roy, "if the girl really is in prison, I have made up my mind to go and see her. For the honour of common humanity she must be saved, if it is possible to save her."

"You will go and see her?" echoed Alexis, looking with strange and incredulous eyes at his face.

"I must," said Sir Roy. "Keenly as I feel the disgrace, the girl is perhaps less to blame than we imagine. As for Neale's share in the business, Bari has so complicated and mixed it up with Mr. Lyle's that I find it hard to make out who is the most guilty. You have heard, of course, that Lyle has left here?"

"I heard it," she said, growing very pale, "from himself."

"From himself! Do you mean to say he has had the audacity to enter this house—to ask for you—"

She made a gesture of impatience.

"What does it matter?" she said. "He asked for you, but you were out. I—I had a natural curiosity to find out whether his version of the story tallied with Bari's, so—I saw him."

"And what did he say?" demanded Sir Roy, his brow growing stormy once again.

"He painted Neale in very black colours. For my part, I thought the story very weak, and I told him that I should wait for Neale's version before believing him."

"But Neale is bound hand and foot out in Madras," exclaimed Sir Roy. "He can't possibly come home, and the trial will be on at once—next week, I believe."

"So soon," faltered the girl. "Can't it be postponed, or evaded? You have influence, wealth—"

"Not enough to buy justice," said her father with a bitter smile. "Things must take their course, you know. Bari told you her crime?"

"Yes," she said, a faint spot of colour coming in either cheek. "Is it true?"

"That I cannot say until I see her. But I fear it is only too probable."

"Why should she have done such a thing?" demanded Alexis. "There was nothing to be gained. She must have been mad, or—"

She stopped abruptly. Adrian Lyle's picture of the distraught, frenzied girl learning, for the first time, her betrayal and ruin, rose before her eyes. Surely here was confirmation enough of the tale he had told, and not only confirmation, but reason for the rash action which had suddenly overwhelmed so many lives in black and bitter shame.

"Perhaps," said Sir Roy, "she was mad. I pray to Heaven that she may have been. The guilt would be less terrible, though not the disgrace. That can never

be wiped out if once our good name becomes public property."

He looked at his daughter as he spoke. To his amazement she was leaning back in her chair white and still as marble.

He sprang to his feet, and rang violently for assistance.

In all his experience of Alexis, he had never known her faint.

"Good Heaven!" he cried to himself in terror, as he watched her women's efforts to restore her. "Is it possible that she cared so much for Neale after all? . . . And now, oh! the pity of it—the pity of it!"

CHAPTER IV.

"THROUGH BITTER WATERS."

A SOLITARY figure was pacing up and down the little lawn of Gretchen's English home, in the chill, gray morning light.

The wind swept coldly over the trees; the sky was overcast and sad. To and fro, with hurried steps the figure paced; its black draperies sweeping the dry and rustling leaves that had fluttered earthwards; the face turned in dread and expectation to the little gate beyond. Suddenly it swung open, and a man entered. The figure stood still under the bare, dim trees, then made a step forward, looked, and shrank back, while all of life or feeling in the marble face lived only in the fevered questioning of the eyes.

For a second, face looked back to face—no word was uttered. Then the man's lips broke the chain of silence: "Have you found her?" he asked breathlessly; and the eager beating of his heart seemed to outrace his speech.

No answer.

"For Heaven's sake, speak," he cried hoarsely. "You have heard something. What is it? The worst is better than suspense."

"The worst?" fell slowly, brokenly, in that dull, changed voice. "It is the worst. Have you not heard?"

"I have heard nothing—would I be here else? What is it? Is she dead?"

The face he questioned was hidden from his sight; all self-control swept away in the bitter agony of such shame and such remorse, as never had his wildest fancy pictured.

"Dead! No. Heaven is less merciful than death!"

"Not dead?" There was relief, keen as joy, in the hoarsely whispered words. "Then, what has happened?"

"She is in prison—on a charge of murdering her child."

He fell back a step, his face drawn and ghastly as the dead. Slowly, distinctly, with clearness not to be gainsaid, had the words come to his ears. He could not doubt, he could not question. The whole force and horror of his own fears had never yet suggested to him such a possibility as this; but now he marvelled that they had not done so.

Maddened with shame and terror; burdened with misery too great to bear; could he wonder that despair had overthrown her reason, and left her at the mercy of the first mad impulse which had fired the poor distraught brain?

The terrible silence lasted but a brief space, though its agony might have crowded years.

The woman spoke again. "I did not believe it at first. I could not. Only last night I heard that she was in prison; then a man, some labouring man who knew her by sight, brought the news here. I only waited for the daylight to go to her. He told me the place, where they have taken her. I wrote it down for fear I might forget."

She took a folded paper from the bosom of her dress, and gave it to Adrian Lyle. He gazed at it blankly, stupidly, trying vaguely to connect it with the young, fair springtide of that wrecked and shattered life. She, so pure, so lovely, shrouded in his heart as its most exquisite memory! she an accused criminal—condemned to the disgrace, the hardships of a prison cell!

He groaned aloud. Then suddenly he turned away, and began to walk mechanically down the path.

A voice stayed him. "Where are you going; not to her?"

"Yes," he said. "Where else?"

"Then take me with you. I must see her too; my coldness and cruelty drove her forth; on my head be the blame."

Adrian Lyle looked coldly at the agonised face. "On your head it may be," he said; "but that plea will not save her now."

Then his voice broke, a passion of fear, of terror, shook from him the remainder of his self-control.

"Oh, to think of it," he groaned. "A little kindness, a word of sympathy; and she would be here now, safe, sheltered, even if unhappy."

"Don't reproach me," said his companion, and a sob burst from her tortured heart.

"My cup is full enough. Only take me to

her side; let me sob my secret and my sorrow at her feet; and then—I will pray Heaven for death."

He was silent for a moment, wrestling with bitter thoughts of anger and of blame. The pitiless hardness of this woman's nature had been the first lever which Fate had used to turn poor innocent Gretchen to her doom. That same harshness and rigour had driven her forth, in woman's greatest need and agony, to face the desolate future. He held it responsible for this new misfortune, and he felt for the woman beside him dislike so great, contempt so bitter, that no harder task could have been his than the one which she set before him in the light of courtesy and of duty. But, putting self aside, he mastered his own repugnance, and turning to her with grave and cold politeness:

"I am at your service," he said.

A dull, wide street in a dull, murky town; yet a busy town withal it seemed to Adrian Lyle, as he drove through it with that silent figure by his side. She had only looked up once as the carriage took its way, among noise and clamour, and hurrying vehicles and harsh voices, and all the bustle and confusion of busy life:

"Is it here?" she had asked, and Adrian Lyle had simply bent his head. Speech could not come, nor did she seem to expect it. The depth of a mutual sorrow, the agony of a mutual dread, these were all they had in common—a bond of union in the saddest hour that either life had known.

As the carriage rattled and jolted over uneven streets, it passed a black and frowning edifice, at sight of which Adrian Lyle involuntarily shrank back with paling lips and sudden horror-filled eyes.

"Heaven!" his heart cried, "to think that she should be there—she—!"

They reached the hotel to which he had directed the man to take them, and he got out and secured rooms, and gave orders for his companion's comfort; and all the while the aching of his heart grew wilder and more fierce with every throb that spoke its mute despair.

The noon was scarcely past. There was ample time for him to fulfil his promise. Mechanically he took his way once more through the streets, and to that place of horror from whence his shuddering soul sank back in mortal dread.

Learning the hour at which the prisoner might be seen, and learning, too, that his

profession gave him some privilege of frequent admission, he went back again to the hotel, true to his promise to Anna von Waldstein.

"At four o'clock," he said, "you may see her."

The white face, almost awful in its intensity of repressed suffering, looked up at him with sudden gratitude.

"You have been very generous," she faltered. "I will only ask one favour more at your hands. Be present at the interview. I have that to say which it is best for you to hear, you, the only true friend this poor forsaken child has ever known. Will you promise?"

There seemed in Adrian Lyle's heart no further place for surprise or suffering left. All of misery and mischance that could fill one man's life had surely filled his own. Yet he looked at the beautiful, suffering face with involuntary compassion; he gave her once again the courteous assent, but with that difficulty and distaste which marked it as an obligation and a duty.

"Yes," he said. "I promise."

A CRETAN MONASTERY.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

BEFORE ever I had set foot in the monastery of the Hagia Triadha (the Holy Trinity), I was on nodding terms with three of the good papás, or priests, of the monastery. I had met them at odd times in the stony lane between the old olive woods outside Khalepa; or, toiling over the heated rocks in the dry bed of a mountain torrent, which had to be crossed on the way to the Akrotiri peninsula, the site of the monastery; or in the filthy but interesting streets of Khania, the capital of Crete, where they had evidently been doing a little marketing on behalf of the monastery.

There was the Papá Theodosios, the Papá Elias, and the Papá Constantinos. At a distance they were as indistinguishable from each other as three crows. But time had taught me that the Papá Theodosios was the one who sat on the monastery mule more like an old woman than a man; that the Papá Constantinos hummed fragments of the Liturgy while he travelled, and kept time with his head and beard; and that the Papá Elias had a temper of his own, which the mule, by its gait and the twitching of its ears, showed that it never altogether forgot. For the

further identification of the Papá Constantinos, I had remarked that his long hair was frequently coming undone, thanks to the energy of his musical jogging, and he was to be seen twisting it again into a pig-tail and thrusting it under his tall, clerical, chimney-pot hat.

Once or twice I had smiled at the papás: they had so funny an appearance in the midst of the strings of fish, bags of rice, coffee, sugar, and so on, which composed their marketings; and they had smiled back, instead of taking my mild merriment amiss. This cemented our friendship, though we had never said more than a "kali méra" (good morning), or "kali spéra" (good evening) to each other. And it was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that I prepared to pay the monastery of Hagia Triadha a visit, which would enable me to see the three good men and their seventeen or eighteen brother monks at home.

The monastery stands at the foot of some mountains of eccentric colour, near the northern extremity of the Akrotiri promontory. A glance at the map of Crete will show this big promontory at once. It is the third from the west, and runs north-east with the shape of a tadpole. It is a plateau some ten miles by seven, terminated by a range of mountains, the red soil of which glows from the gray rock with an effect surprisingly beautiful. Looking east, one may see Mount Ida soaring eight thousand feet into the air, sixty miles away; while south is the superb mass of Crete's White Mountains, as lofty as Ida, the very tops of them being not more than eight miles from the neck of the peninsula. The surface of Akrotiri is, for the most part, rough and stony; but its sweet-smelling herbs and flowers save it from the charge of bareness. It has also olive woods, almond and fig trees, caroubs, and many a vineyard and corn patch; in the midst of which are the thirteen white villages which it claims to support. In spite of appearances, therefore, it cannot be so very barren. The bees love Akrotiri. Its air, moreover, is the finest in the world.

To reach the monastery, we had to walk the whole length of this promontory. But, with a speckless blue sky overhead; on the one hand as blue a sea, beyond which the lesser mountains of Western Crete became a soft purple against the horizon; on the other hand, the country in its spring garniture, and the snow mountains behind so dazzling under the southern sun, that the eye quailed before them—under such

conditions, the walk could not but be a pleasure.

My dragoman was with me in his best clothes, for it was Sunday. His legs, to the knees, were cased in a bright blue pair of bag-trousers. He wore yellow leather top-boots, notable for the uniformity of the level of their soles. His jacket, over a lavender-coloured vest slashed with silver embroidery, was of the sleekest navy-blue cloth, and short, like the coat of a small public-school boy. Round his waist was a crimson sash folded three or four times, in which he kept his Cretan dagger, the white ivory handle beautified by a sham emerald stuck in its midst. To complete his attire, which was characteristic of his country, he wore a large loose fez (distinct from the tight-fitting Turkish kind), which, with its long black tassel, swept his shoulder while he walked. Michaelis was a very worthy Cretan, and not above mortifying himself in Lent by such a warm walk in the sun as ours promised to be. But he had a poor idea of the larder of the Hagia Triadha, and, out of consideration for me, had before starting crammed his breeches' pockets with slices of white wheaten bread.

We skirted two of the Akrotiri's thirteen villages on our way. Cool and refreshing to the eye though they seemed at a distance of a stone's throw, we found them veritable heaps of ruins when we entered them. From broken doorways and big rents in the walls of the low, flat-roofed buildings, sallow and dirty faces peeped out at us; the men continued to stare when they saw a European, but the women quickly drew back, or stood stiff and still behind this or that protecting wall, whence they could peer at discretion. Yellow curs snapped at our heels through each of these settlements, and for a long time afterwards we could hear their concerts of dissatisfied barks and howls. These villages were wrapped in green foliage, and intersected with vineyards of superb red earth. The nopals or prickly pears were ten or twelve feet high. Tufts of gigantic aloes grew by the walls which bordered our track, and over the hot stones of which iridescent lizards sped out of our way into their crannies. Fig trees spring luxuriantly from the ruins, as if human refuse and stones one upon another were their most congenial soil. It was the year for the olive crop, and the gnarled orchards promised a splendid harvest. As for the almond trees which lined our way, their

fruit was already fast ripening, and many a young kernel found its way into Michaelis's stomach. The atmosphere, moreover, was heavy with the perfume of blossoming orange and lemon trees, and the more familiar pear and quince.

Everywhere in Crete one sees signs of the wars which for more than a century have periodically broken out between the Cretans and their rulers. The Turks have often found themselves impotent to quell these insurrections; and in revenge, they have swept like a scourge through the land, levelling buildings, cutting throats, and shearing the olive trees from off the face of the earth. Marks of the devastation of '69 are still to be seen. Bare walls now stand where formerly were populous monasteries or villages; cannon balls are the toys of the children, who little know their significance; and large tracts of country are but just recovering their value, after seventeen years of slow progress. I asked my dragoman about a certain white block-house to the left of us, standing on high ground by a blue inlet of the sea. "It is the castle of a Moslem, may the devil take him!" was his reply; and he drew his right hand across his throat very expressively. Michaelis had a wife, one daughter, and four boys. Ordinarily, he and his family professed a fine contempt for the Mussulmans; they had friends in Apokorona, a hill retreat; and thither, at the first signal of a new insurrection, to their friends they would run with all speed. But on this occasion Michaelis forgot himself so far as to give the ruling race their proper tribute of respectful hatred.

In the third hour of our walk we reached the estates of the Hagia Triadha. For a quarter of an hour we trod the soft turf of the monastery olive wood, and then there uprose before us an avenue of noble cypresses. The white steps, portico, and dome of the monastery were seen at the end of the avenue. Behind it, affording complete shelter from the north, the Akrotiri mountains raised their great mottled shoulders, thickly overgrown with oleander, arbutus, wild thyme, and mint, and many another shrub and herb. On either side of us were the gardens of the monastery, fertile, and full of blossom; and the buzzing of myriads of bees over the honeyed flowers came to us like the sound of a distant organ. The gleaming snow mountains, from which by this we were separated fully fifteen miles, appeared no further than at first, and the lustre from

their resplendent summits seemed to flood the plateau with a clear white light, which was merely warmed and mellowed by the sun. A place of such tranquillity and "sweet monotony," that in it a man might well wish to live and die!

"The 'monasterio'!" murmured Michaelis. He bent his head under a faded fresco of the Madonna, which filled the pediment of the porch, and then, whispering reverently, led me through the cloisters into the inner quadrangle, on the opposite side of which the Church of the "Hagia Triadha" stood open for us.

The building was white-washed in every part, from the cloister columns to the dome in front of us, and the single fat blackened chimney on one side, which betokened the neighbourhood of the monastery kitchen. In the quadrangle was a little fountain of spring water, and by it were half-a-dozen great orange trees covered with fruit. The blue sky seemed a fitting canopy for the whole.

A caloyer of the monastery, with brown bare legs, met us in the court-yard. The "caloyer" is a lay monk attached to an establishment. He is a sworn celibate; he never cuts his hair, and he lives and works on the conventual estate; otherwise he differs in no respect from an ordinary peasant. There are few caloyers in Crete nowadays. Their place is taken by the hired labourers, who occupy the hovels which frequently surround the monasteries, but who cut their hair and marry like the majority of men.

At the sight of a stranger, this caloyer was struck with astonishment; but a few words of explanation sent him speeding down the cloisters in quest of the Hegumenos. Then, producing from his spacious breeches a rosary of yellow beads, Michaelis bade me follow him into the refectory of the monastery.

This was a long, lofty room opening from the cloisters, with a row of tall windows facing the White Mountains. A couple of bookcases stood at one end of the room, and herein was the conventual library in such a state of decay and disorder that it was immediately apparent how little the papas cared for literature. There were the works of Athanasius and Chrysostom in many volumes; and alongside was a pert, though choice, copy of Catullus! Virgil's *Æneid*, many copies of the Greek Bible in different editions, a book of French Travels, and an odd volume of Plutarch's Lives formed another row, the association of

which was similarly disastrous. Each book-case, however, was secured from further profanation by a strong brass padlock. As a matter of fact, the good papás had allowed their eyes to become so disused to printed letters, that they could hardly tell one book from another. A blue and gold picture of the Madonna adorned the wall by the books. At the other end of the room was a photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh in the midst of his ship's company, presented to the monastery by the Duke himself.

But Michaelis had only just time to run through his beads when we heard a noise of shuffling feet outside on the flags, and the next moment in bustled the Papá Constantinos and the Papá Elias, accompanied by a third papá. My two friends paused for a moment, then uttered an exclamation of pleasure, laid their hands upon their hearts, bowed several times, and stood blushing. Then, both together, they began a hurried address of welcome, which was wholly unintelligible to me.

Nor was the third papá at the outset less civil in his demonstrations; but when he ascertained that we three were old acquaintances he drew back, and sat with folded arms, a little glumly. He was a fat, round-faced man about fifty, and rather short, and, as soon as the Papá Elias had finished speaking to me, he seemed to tax him with something in so querulous a tone that, knowing the Papá Elias's temper, I feared a quarrel might ensue. It came to nothing serious, however. The Papá Elias left the room, and returned with a tray of "Turkish delight" and six glasses of raki. Behind him, as accessories to our company, came in a young serving papá, his face ablaze with curiosity, and a monastery boy in a blue cotton smock, not a whit less excited. There were six glasses of liquor; the Hegúmenos himself was to make the sixth of our convivial party.

All the four papás were in their home clothes, if I may use the expression. Their cassocks were threadbare, the nap was worn off their brown velvet pants in patches, and their jack-boots were grimed as if they had been turning the clods that very morning. On their heads, instead of the stately chimney-pot hats, they wore small black caps; and this, and their general garb, and their knotted hair, made one think of them as so many Portias playing the part of men, though their beards were long enough in all conscience. But when the Papá Elias began to fidget

and bite his nails, I could not help seeing that he was not accustomed to wash himself with the zeal of an English ecclesiastic: his fingers and hands were very grimy indeed.

And now having drunk each other's healths in the fiery raki, we talked and smoked for a spell. The Papá Constantinos was a very deft maker of cigarettes, and very generous. I tried to dissuade him from pressing so many upon me; but he made me understand that it was the monastery tobacco, and that I might smoke the big jar empty if I pleased—there was plenty more. One by one other papás—each with a quaint personality of his own—came and joined us. Then certain old gentlemen, dressed like jaunty brigands, slipped noiselessly round the threshold, their faces wreathed in vacuous smiles, and also took places on the divans. In short, some twenty minutes after our arrival, we were the cynosure of a throng of twenty chattering, lay and apostolic. Michaelis kept passing his beads through his fingers all the time he talked; but though very proud of his conspicuousness and importance, he was not forgetful of me, his charge. After a time he saw that I was in need of something.

"What is it?" he asked.

But, with all the score of them eagerly waiting for my reply, I found that I could not express my wants: the Greek for "dinner" had suddenly dropped from my vocabulary.

It must be understood that in Crete a monastery, like an English inn, is free to all comers. There was nothing, therefore, indecorous in the expression of my hunger, if only I could have expressed it decorously. During Lent a Greek will go all the day on a few olives, a piece of brown bread, and a drink of wine, but I was not yet sufficiently acclimatised for that.

In the heat of this dilemma an idea illumined the face of the servitor. He said something, and rushed to the cupboard by the Duke of Edinburgh's photograph. Here, from a medley of cups, platters, church furniture, and picture-books, he drew forth an old French Grammar "for the use of the Greek youth." And, consequent upon this, it was highly amusing to see his triumph, and that of the entire community when, between us, we made out my meaning from the book. In a moment four or five of the older papás had laid hands on the Grammar, and were sighing and venting

monosyllables of wonder like so many washerwomen with a little piece of fabulous news and their cups of tea. At every fresh page they made a discovery, and their excitement increased.

This contagion of absurd enthusiasm caught every one in the room except the papá who had first appeared with the Papás Elias and Constantinos. He endured it for a time, then lifted his eyebrows, and said the word "Church?" interrogatively, and rather pettishly, opening and shutting his mouth with a snap to signify that dinner should come afterwards. Of course I assented, and the servitor having, not without a struggle, regained possession of the precious Grammar, we all proceeded towards the shrine of the Hagia Triadha hard by. The litter of cigarette ends cast upon the pavement in the shadow of the church would surely have brought an English rector's heart into his mouth.

In making so little mention of the Hegúmenos, or Abbot of the Monastery, it must not be thought that I intend to slight him. Far from that. He was kindness itself, in his every glance and gesture, and a good-looking man besides, with the longest brown beard of them all. But the Hegúmenos is not really a person of much more importance than his brother papás. He is elected by the other inmates of the monastery for a term of years (three or four), at the expiration of which he resigns his account-books and keys to a successor, duly chosen in the same way. Abbot and papás alike chum together in the most fraternal manner; though it seemed to me that the former, by virtue of his dignity, had the casting word in matters of discussion, as also the privilege of drinking a little more wine at meal times than his nominal subordinates.

Well, we had no sooner entered the church than the papás stood like men aghast, and stared at me. They were anxious, to the degree of irritability, to see how I bore the magnificence of their poor little place of worship, which it was natural they should hold in tender and exaggerated esteem. But I had only recently seen the Metropolitan Cathedral of Athens, where the amount of gilding, coloured glass, preposterous artistic work, and the number of its lamps, far exceeded anything the Hagia Triadha could show. I had, therefore, to disappoint the worthy fellows. And then, as if to justify themselves for their expectations, they drew off in different di-

rections towards the grim painted canvases which hung against the walls, illustrating the tragic histories of martyrs and saints, and began a confusing exposition of them all in a breath.

Certainly one of the characteristics of the Greek Church is its affection for bad painting. Such grotesque caricatures of mankind and womankind as one finds in the East in nine churches out of ten, could hardly be discovered elsewhere!

Here at Hagia Triadha the Papá Elias and another papá fell into an argument about the narrative of a certain picture. The Papá Elias, maintained that it was the history of Saint John the Baptist.

"On the other hand," said the opposing papá, "it is certainly that of Saint John the Evangelist. The water proves it. He was a fisherman, and there are the fishes."

"But," argued the Papá Elias, with a stammer that marked his failing temper, "Saint John the Baptist was concerned with water also, and why is he standing like that in the middle of the water, and all the people round him, unless it is to baptize them? Besides, the fish are river fish. It is the Jordan; you will not deny that?"

The two disputants emphasised their words by pointing and gesticulating, so that it was easy for me to understand their difficulty; and I felt a little proud at being able to back the Papá Elias by reference to the final scene on the canvas, where the beheading of Saint John, in a rough-and-ready way, amid a sickening effusion of blood, sufficiently indicated him to be the Baptist, not the Evangelist.

"There!" exclaimed the Papá Elias, with a jubilant start, "I told you so."

It was due to the prodigious imbecility of the artist that I made a mistake in the interpretation of another picture, such as set the papás in a roar. The scene was supposed to represent the temptation of Christ by the Devil, from the pinnacles of Jerusalem. On one pinnacle of the Temple was Christ, and on another the Devil; and, in good faith, making a guess at their respective identities, I guessed wrongly. For five minutes afterwards the papás handed this feeble little piece of amusement from one to the other of them, muttering "Christos!" "Diavolos!" in tones of wonder, but with laughing faces.

One other picture in the Church of the Hagia Triadha deserves a word. It is a canvas replete with patent incongruities.

The subject is Jonah and the whale. The ship is drawn after the model of a nineteenth-century schooner, and furnished with three masts. But it is heavily-laden with three giants, who squat in the hold, filling every available inch of space, and whose heads, nevertheless, rise to a level with the masts of the ship. One of the three men is Jonah, and the ugly leviathan on one side of the ship is already hungering for him.

The ecclesiastics of the Greek Church plead for their monstrous pictures that they do not represent common men and women; that the Saints and Apostles, and much more Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary, are types apart, whom it were sacrilege to depict with a physiognomy in no way different from that of the first man or woman met outside the walls of the church. To the end of time, therefore, the Greek Church will offer its worshippers these distorted pictures of human shapes.

Anxious to know why I had not seen my friend the Papá Theodosios, I now drew the Papá Constantinos apart, and managed to put the question to him. The Papá Constantinos assumed a serious countenance, pointed outside the church to the cloister opposite that of the refectory, and then patted his stomach. Without a doubt the poor fellow was ill: was it cancer, or dropsy, or indigestion? But how could a man suffer from indigestion on such meagre fare as a Greek priest's in Lent? I assumed, therefore, with some concern, that the Papá Theodosios was ill of a sad complaint; that he might indeed be dying; and that I should never more see his bundle-like old figure on the monastery mule.

But, with a merry hum, the Papá Constantinos beckoned me to follow him. There was something to be seen which would put all previous experience of sight-seeing in the shade; so I interpreted the childish radiance of his face.

We left the church, and proceeded along one cloister towards the east of the building. Opening a wicket, the Papá Constantinos then led me into a dark little chapel with a bad smell, communicating on one side with a small, rudely-paved courtyard, and on the other with a recess. "Cimiterio!" remarked the papá gaily; and I knew that I was in the place where the bones of many a generation of inmates of the monastery lay in tranquillity.

The courtyard was the cemetery proper.

Under the slabs of stone pits were dug, and here, for a few months after his decease, the papá lay in quicklime, until he was tolerably free from flesh. Just now, the Papá Constantinos explained, they had no one in the courtyard: the pits were overgrown at the mouths and by the chinks of the stones with thick cobwebs. They were all in the place whither, for the present, as for long time past, it was the custom to relegate the bones of the papás. Going to the other recess in the chapel, the Papá Constantinos opened a door. Behind the door was a pile of brown and mouldering bones and skulls, illumined by some aperture from above. They lay in one great, disorderly heap, and the outlines of the more lately dead were just preserved by the decaying tissues of their monastic robes, in which they had been buried. It was an unsavoury spectacle, and not very edifying.

In the meantime, the Papá Constantinos had been poking among the nearest skulls, one of which he now carried away towards the light. It was as fine a head as a man might wish to have, broad in the crown and temples, and not too tapering towards the chin. For a few seconds the Papá Constantinos contemplated this massive skull, stroking its bald crest with one hand. He looked up, remembered me, then tenderly clasped the skull to his bosom, and with the air of a man who had paid his tribute to the weakness of human nature, replaced it with the others, shut the door, and began to hum vivaciously.

"See," he exclaimed, stopping for a moment to point to an inscription, in Greek and Latin, on the wall. "Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return." And, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, he turned away.

Nailed in a box against the chapel wall, with a lighted lamp perpetually burning before it, was another skull. It was the relic of a benefactor, or dignitary of the monastery, and seemed to be looking at us from its wooden prison with some curiosity. But the Papá Constantinos had no caress for the dignitary.

From the charnel-house we went out into the warm light of noon, to see the monastery hives of bees; but we had no time to go farther through the gardens. The servitor, his French Grammar "for the use of the Greek youth" in his hand, approached us, and, with much parade of turning over the pages, contrived to in-

form me from the book that dinner was ready.

"Bah!" observed the Papá Constantinos, who had watched the young man's enthusiasm of pride with evident disapproval, and he snatched the Grammar from the student's hands. I confess I was glad to see them wrestle for the book after this, and still more so that the boy came off victorious.

RACECOURSES ABOUT LONDON.

SANDOWN PARK AND HAMPTON.

It is a kind of little Holland this country about the junction of the Rivers Mole and Thames, with dykes, streams, low-lying meadows, willows and alders, all in the steaming heat of the sultry summer weather. Everywhere you hear the clank of scythe and whetstone and the swish of the sturdy mower, as he levels the tall, up-standing grass. The scent of hay pervades the air, with a sweetness and fragrance that is sometimes oppressive. The roads are inches thick in dust, dense columns of which, rising above the hedgerows, herald the approach of carriage or cart. Here and there we get a glimpse of the river which usually hides itself so cunningly, that smooth and silent Mole:

Mole, that like a mousing mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thames he o'ertake.

For all it maybe a shy and quiet stream, that sometimes deserts its bed altogether and creeps through subterranean crevices, the Mole has carved for itself a wonderfully pleasant valley that it would be a delight to follow up. Making its way through the downs of chalk and sand, with what a noble entrance below Boxhill where the scenery rises even to grandeur! and through what pleasant rural scenes, rich in pasture and woodland, till it spreads itself in this wide marshy valley!—and here certainly the land is of a very watery complexion, even in this drought and sweltering heat. The little roadside ditches have a distinct flow of water in them towards the Thames, and in the middle of a hayfield rises a link of a little wandering stream, that soon disappears and is seen no more. All this labyrinth of streams, ditches, and runs of water, made Molesey once a somewhat unapproachable island from the mainland of Surrey; and hence no doubt the favour in which it was long held by the pugilists of a former age, who fought many a famous battle on its turf.

At Molesey Hurst there has been some kind of local gathering and celebration involving sports, and games, and horse-racing times out of mind. The original germ of our race-meetings is indeed to be found in the early customs of communal cultivation, when every year the men of the district met with much mirth and joviality to allot among themselves the common pasture, and when those who had horses raced them one against another; and those who had only their own legs engaged in foot races, in wrestling matches or bouts at singlestick, or in sword-and-buckler play. But why the sports of Molesey should go by the name of Hampton Races, it is not easy to say. Possibly before my Lord Cardinal built his palace at Hampton, the common land of that parish—of which the green still remains, that not long ago was the yearly trysting ground of thousands of cyclists—was the scene of the annual sports.

Anyhow, Hampton Races have long been the great saturnalia of the smaller fry of London traders, such chiefly as are possessed of donkey barrows and pony carts, and all the humble class of minstrels, and the wandering tribes who cater for the pleasures of the patrons of the turf. Hampton was the great holiday of the costermonger, of the gipsy too—if a gipsy can be said to have a holiday, whose life is one continued long vacation. But sharing in the growing prosperity of the turf, Hampton Races have become more respectable and less jovial; almost as much of a solemn business function, as an open meeting can possibly be, held within reach of the swarming population of London, a population that cannot justly be accused of taking its pleasure sadly.

It is by way of contrast, and as a caution to overweening pride, that we have coupled Hampton and Sandown Park.

Cloth of gold, do not despise
That thou art matched with cloth of frieze.

Locally, hardly a couple of miles divide the racecourses, but socially, how wide is the gap between their chief frequenters! To Hampton, belong the pony-cart, the pleasure-van filled with costermongers, their female partners, and their rising progeny. To Sandown, the four-in-hand, the coroneted carriage, and all the fashionable people who come to look at each other as much as at the racing.

The approach to Sandown—it was always Sandon till the founders of the Club endowed it with a "w"—is through

a rich and well wooded country. After leaving Clapham Junction, we seem to plunge all at once into quiet rural solitudes, with corn-fields, and turnip-fields, and farmhouses here and there, and not a town or village except the builders' settlements of brand-new villas, which have sprung up about the railway stations. Who would think that the little River Wandle boasted such a wide and important valley, a valley closed in the distance by the Surrey hills? Otherwise, of hills there is not a sign; all is flat, fat, luxuriant, till suddenly we come within touch of the breezy uplands, as the train slackens speed for Esher. And there lies Sandown spread out before us; the level green expanse of sward; the knoll that rises from the gentle slope, covered with white stands and buildings, which have all the elegance of perfect adaptability to the uses they serve—buildings which are clustered against a noble crown of woodland. Nothing could be more appropriate, more charming in its way, than this scene under the chequered light of a breezy sky. Here is the beau-ideal of a racecourse, from the scenic point of view, anyhow; a fit scene and setting for the grandest of national sports.

But what impresses at first sight is the fine contour of the hill, detached from, and yet aligned with, the rising ground behind it. Such a remarkable site must have had a history—it has had a past, as well as the smiling present that sits so well upon its grassy glades.

What is recorded about the place is, no doubt, a very small part of what has actually occurred round about it. That vast tumulus, crowned with forest, whether due altogether to Nature or partly reared by human labour, must have looked down upon strange scenes in its time. For at this point the Thames approaches its nearest to the hill country of Surrey, and this fertile land that stretches to the river-bank was once a wide marsh known in later times as Ditton Marsh; and from the hill above, the eye wandered over fens and flats, with marshy islands, that were covered like the rest in times of floods, when one wide watery plain stretched between Sandown and the rising ground, skirted with forest, on the Middlesex shore.

Who can say whether, beneath the roots of oak and chestnut on that commanding brow, lie the bones of mighty warriors of old times, who here found fitting sepulchre

overlooking the mighty valley, the scene of triumph or defeat? All that veracious history tells us about Sandown is that there was once a priory there, or hospital, founded by one Robert de Wateville, early in the reign of Henry the Second. Then we have the record of a benefactor, whose name is more familiar and of higher distinction; for in the reign of Henry the Third the hospital was endowed by William de Percy—of the great Northumbrian family—the founder of the noble Abbey of Sawley, in Yorkshire, who bestowed upon Sandown the twenty marks which the said Abbey paid him yearly for the manor and forest of Gisburn, also in Yorkshire, with other benefactions of lands in Lincolnshire. All this was for the maintenance of six chaplains to say masses for the souls of the benefactor and his wife, and also to provide a lamp or candle of two pounds' weight in wax, to be always burning before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where the heart of William Percy and the body of his wife Joan were buried.

The lamp was left untrimmed long before the general extinction at the Reformation. The shadow of the black death settled upon the hospital at Sandown. Brethren and Master were swept away, and they were never replaced. What was left of the possessions of the house, including the manor of Sandown, was eventually transferred to the hospital of Saint Thomas, Southwark, and then, by exchange, came into the hands of the Crown.

Henceforth its history presents no salient points of interest. No great mansion rose upon the site. Only Sandown farm, in its name, preserved the memory of the old foundation, a farm whose fields and meadows stretched across the slope and embraced a portion of the rich lands of Ditton Marsh. If there are any remains of the old priory, they are enclosed within the racecourse; unless, indeed, a kind of grotto, which stands at one of the entrances to the park, half-way up the hill, is composed of relics of the old building. Before this is reached we pass the great gates of the enclosure, which are fine examples of modern ironwork, and which also have a familiar aspect, as if they had been observed in a previous stage of existence. But their history, if they have one, is enshrined in the annals of the Sandown Park Club: annals which stretch not further back than the last dozen years or so.

Almost at the top of the hill, behind Sandown, but separated from it by a natural

depression, is the pleasant village of Esher, high upon the ridge, with a scrap of a green lying in the middle of the High Street, a playground for the boys of the village, with trees here and there, and, in a place of honour, the stump of the original tree beneath which the forefathers of the village may have sat and watched William Percy ride by with his wife Joan.

Pleasant and fresh are the breezes about Esher, which enjoys quite a different atmosphere from the sultry land below. But all is modern: a new church; milliners' shops; tall three-storey houses; a village-hall, with masons still at work; everywhere pleasant homes with flowers and shrubs; and then the top of the hill is reached, and the road descends in a graceful curve enwrapped in solemn and quiet woods, with vistas beyond—fold upon fold of trees and hills as if here were the entrance to some enchanted land of sunny glades and soft noontide retreats.

On one side there are the woods of Claremont, in a soft kind of hazy shadow befitting the associations of the place—and some rustic pathway on the other side would bring us to poet Thomson's

Esher's Grove

Where, in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From Courts and Senates Pelham finds repose.

This was Henry Pelham, the amiable and peace-loving successor of Robert Walpole; and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, also a prominent figure in the politics of the period, had his seat at Claremont close by. This Esher Place represents the old Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, which once occupied the site, and to which Wolsey retired in the first troubled days of his disgrace, as Shakespeare tells us.

Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands
you

To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my lord of Winchester's.

Esher has commemorated the great Cardinal in the name of house, or terrace, or road, and there is a well in the neighbourhood, which is known as Wolsey's Well. The great Minister, in his fallen state, could hardly have been in the humour to make acquaintance with wells and streams; but he knew the place of old, no doubt, when he was as yet only Bishop of Winchester; and that he knew the country hereabouts, and liked it well, is shown in his choice of Hampton Court as the seat of his full-blown greatness.

A pleasant way home from Sandown is by footpath to Hampton Court Bridge, avoiding the dusty roads, and then to walk or drive through Bushey Park to Teddington Station. Diana's Fountain and the noble avenue of chestnuts beyond, have a royal and stately aspect in the evening light; and along the ghostly white road, what shades of departed greatness we may summon up at will!

RICH AND FREE!

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I SOMETIMES try to think that I can never have been, at all times, perfectly sane. Any way, the story about myself which I am going to tell is rather a mad one, and I must strive after such a sober simplicity in the manner of telling it as may help to gain credence for it.

I have, of course, reasons, and such as seem to me strong ones, for wishing to tell it, or I should never subject myself to the irksome, irritating, even sickening, effort I know beforehand that the setting of it down, in any detail, will be to me. I might find a certain satisfaction in jotting down a few memoranda of salient points; but the endeavour to fill in sufficiently to make a coherent whole, will be an inexpressible weariness to both flesh and spirit.

I do not know that I need say anything about my life before the day on which this chapter of it began. On that day, which was my thirtieth birthday, I had been married.

We had been travelling some hours—I and the man I had married—without stopping, before we came to the station at which *she* got into our carriage. I know that, outwardly, I had seemed dull, listless, almost sullen; while inwardly, a feverish, repressed excitement was gaining more and more possession of me.

Among the sordid-looking people on a particularly squalid platform, her tall, slight figure, with its distinctive elegance; and her bright, dark sympathetic face, beautiful with something better than ordinary beauty; at once attracted and fascinated me. She was, evidently, parting from a beloved friend; she looked stirred and troubled.

When a porter opened the door of our carriage for her, I eagerly moved some of my belongings to encourage her to step in.

She had just done so when a guard, who comprehended the situation, and either had been, or hoped to be, feed to preserve to us the luxury of our own company, suggested another and empty compartment. Absorbed by other things, she did not understand his motive, and merely answered that she did very well where she was, had no preference for travelling quite alone.

It was only at some word spoken by her friend, some minutes later, that she glanced at us—at me and him.

The afternoon was sultry, and I had thrown off my hat and mantle—my gloves, too, had been taken off. Her glance touched my bracelets, brooch, locket, chain, and ring; immediately I was ashamed of the barbaric display of new and expensive jewellery—his presents. Worst of all, her glance touched him; and, most of all, I felt ashamed of him. For one instant her eyes met mine, and their expression either was, or seemed to my heated fancy, questioning and compassionate. My cheeks burned with a sudden heat.

My hearing is always remarkably keen, and when I am, as I was then, in a state of nervous tension, it is preternaturally acute. I heard the remarks made by her friend, that I had a wonderfully interesting face, but looked profoundly weary and melancholy; that he looked a "Philistine of the Philistines." Then they thought no more of us. To the last moment their hands were clasped on the carriage door. When the train moved she gazed from the window till a curve of the line hid the platform. Then, with a deep-drawn breath, she sank back into her corner.

"Well, that is over—the pain of it and the joy," I imagined her to be saying.

I gazed at her as fixedly as she gazed from the window. My husband was busy with his newspapers. The longer I looked at her, the more reluctant I felt ever to look at him again.

From the moment after the marriage ceremony, when he had seated himself beside me, with something in his manner different from anything I had experienced from him before—something of familiarity, of self-complacency, of proprietorship, of coming too close—a new sentiment had awakened in me; mingled fear, aversion, remorse! Oh, I don't know what! Something at the same time quite indescribable, and quite intolerable!

A physiologist would, probably, have attributed my present condition to a seizure

of hysterical mania. To a moralist, it would have appeared as the outbreak of an ill-regulated and passionate, but hitherto repressed, nature. Both would, perhaps, have been wrong and right. Neither would have made sufficient allowance in all that followed, for the strange, magnetic influence exercised over me by this chance encounter.

Just as I became conscious of the vulgarity of my display of ornaments, when her glance touched them; so the contact with her woke in me the consciousness of the degradation to which I had stooped, when I submitted myself to a loveless and interested marriage.

I had not deceived him. I had told him that I had no love for him. But I had believed myself to have some listless liking, and some gratitude, which I had certainly, till now, considered that I owed him. Many a substantial kindness he had shown me. Our relation towards each other, I may as well explain, had been this: he was proprietor and editor of a prosperous provincial paper; I, for some years, had been one of his staff.

I had been feeling terribly worn out. The struggle for a mere subsistence was often a hard one. I was never free from anxiety for the future. Again and again he had urged this marriage upon me. Because I was so wearily indifferent to love, life, all things, and, at the same time, somewhat frightened of what lay before me if all power of brain-work should desert me, I had, at last, given in. I was his wife. I had been married that morning.

And now I began to encourage myself in base thoughts of him, and to tell myself that he had taken unfair advantage of me; had worked upon my fears, had almost used compulsion; that all his kindness had been interested and selfish—part of the price he chose to pay for the possession of a thing he coveted. Letting my fancy run riot in this direction, I worked myself up into such a state that my future with him presented itself to me in the coarsest and most revolting colours; and not so much he himself, but the monster, conjured up by the license of my imagination, became to me loathsome.

Was I, or was I not, responsible for this and all that followed?

All the time "You must go through with it; you must go through with it; you must go through with it," were the words the rhythm of the train ran to.

By-and-by, having a slight cold, I

coughed. This brought the liquid light of her eyes upon me, as she asked if I felt too much draught and would like the window shut.

Before I could answer, he rose to shut it, saying there was certainly too much wind circulating. He stretched across her uncouthly. I hastened energetically to protest that the heat was stifling, and that I could not breathe if the window were put up. I had been gradually moving further from my original seat, just opposite him. I now seated myself in the corner immediately facing her.

"A wilful woman must have her way," he said, and added, close into my ear, so close that his beard brushed my cheek, "My little woman is wilful with a vengeance. What has bewitched her, I should like to know? What is it, Magsie?"

I would not meet his eyes, but shrank away from him and shivered. He returned to his corner and the solace of his papers.

I encountered her gaze, full of wonder and pity, and yet not without some touch of humorous amusement.

"What a strange bride and bridegroom! How sorry I am for her!" I felt sure she was thinking. Perhaps she also felt sorry for him; but that did not at all occur to me. What was, perhaps, most suggestive of real, though temporary, madness in my condition, was my complete self-absorption.

The rapid motion of the train, as we flew along hour after hour without stopping, seemed to increase my excitement. My temples were now throbbing violently; the blood seemed boiling in my ears; and a hot mist was before my eyes. I closed them, threw back my head, and pretended to sleep. An idea had taken possession of me. My closed lids could not keep my brain dark; that was wildly excited and as if full of white light.

"You must go through with it!" was no longer what sounded in my ears. I had formed a scheme. And I hugged myself and nearly laughed aloud with pleasure, when it seemed to me sufficiently feasible—as to the first part of it, at all events. I had absolutely not one relenting or misgiving, not one pitying thought. There was presently a moment when I believe I might have conquered myself; checked my sudden insane aversion; changed the current of my feelings; but I would not! I knew that he had laid down his papers and was looking at me; and I knew that there were perplexity and pain in the eyes I had

always till now called kind and honest eyes; I knew that they were seeking mine. I would not meet them; I looked at her instead.

"I am afraid you are suffering," she said. "You look feverish."

She offered me Eau de Cologne from her bag, and I took it because she offered it, and moistened my temples with it.

"Headache?" he questioned, leaning towards me, "I dare say. I told you so when you refused your breakfast, and would have no lunch. We shall be at the Junction soon now, where we have to change and wait. You shall have some tea then. A good dinner and a glass of wine would do you more good. But women always want tea. Don't they?"

His question and smile were addressed to her. I have often thought that very few men have a pleasing smile; his, then, poor fellow! seemed to me simply detestable.

I resented for her the offensiveness of his familiarity. What right had he to address her?

She paused half a second, before answering, with distant kindliness, "that is at least a very general belief;" and I noted a slight mantling of the blood to her clear, dark cheek.

"How long before we change?" I questioned, without looking at him.

"A quarter of an hour, if we should be punctual." And he began to get together and arrange our scattered property.

I drew my hand-bag to me, and opened it.

"A panic about the keys? Another feminine weakness," he said.

"They are safe enough."

What I really wished was to assure myself of the safety of my purse.

"You must not attempt to carry that yourself," he said. "It is heavy."

"I prefer to keep it in my own possession," was my dry, ungracious answer; and I also took my travelling-cloak upon my arm.

Ten minutes before we reached the Junction—we were then in a tunnel, and lamp-light fell on his face—I turned myself to look at him.

Had I never seen him before as he was, or was I seeing him now in the baleful glare of my own delirium? Even now I do not know. And even now I cannot reconcile the face I saw then and his face when I next looked upon it, as belonging to the same man. I only know that my

whole being was now all wild revolt and revulsion as I realised that to this man I had sold myself; that to him I legally belonged; that I had taken him for my companion through all the years of our natural lives. I had been callous to stupor, and now I was alight and alive in every nerve and fibre.

"No; I cannot and I will not."

I spoke those words aloud, addressing them to her. I don't know that she caught my words, but she looked perplexed and startled, as well she might by my excitement of look and manner. Just at that moment the train stopped. We had to change; she was going through. She very graciously helped me on with my mantle, expressing, as she did so, a kind wish that I might soon feel better.

I looked back at her, as I stood a moment on the platform. I had a strong presentiment that somewhere, some time, we should meet again. Indeed, for a moment, I wavered in my preconceived plan, and half decided that, at the last instant, too late for him to follow me, I would go back to her. But he was again at my side, after having seen to the safety of our luggage, saying he was hungry and should get some dinner. He begged me to do the same.

I refused, told him that I was very tired and should go and lie down in the ladies' waiting-room, and that he might send me some tea.

He took me to the room and left me. Finding that I was alone I hastened to rid myself of nearly all my jewellery, thrusting it into my bag. I waited till the tea was brought; then, taking my cloak and bag upon my arm, I sauntered along the platform and looked in at the window of the refreshment room. He was safely seated there, his back towards the window, bending over his soup.

I passed from the platform, through the booking-office into the street; walking in a slow, sauntering manner at first, lest any one should be watching me. It had been raining a little. The street pavements were wet, and the already lighted lamps were reflected in the puddles. But the rain had ceased.

When I had turned a sharp angle and was quite out of sight of the station, I began to walk more and more swiftly. Directly I relaxed the strain I had put upon myself, to make myself move slowly, a perfectly frantic terror of pursuit and capture seized me.

The station was evidently at one extremity of the town. I soon found myself on a quiet country road. I no longer walked, but ran. But I could not run far; my bag was heavy, and so was my cloak.

I was now a prey to a double-edged terror that was dreadful. Terror of pursuit, and terror of plunging farther into the darkness and the solitude.

Could I return to the town by some other route, I wondered? Would he pursue his journey; or would he remain to search for me? If I could only have known that!

I was soon hurrying on again—walking fast, but more steadily. As yet the road did not seem very lonely. I passed frequent cottages, sometimes isolated, sometimes in groups, and occasionally farm-houses.

But night was upon me, and where and how could I pass it? I did not think I dared remain out-doors through the hours of darkness.

There was still a little daylight lingering low down in the west, and the sky was clearing, and the friendly stars were coming out. By-and-by my road crossed a stream. I paused on the low parapet of the bridge, and fingered my wedding-ring irresolutely. Should I throw it in? As I stood leaning there, deliberating, I heard approaching steps and voices. I hurried on, my ring still on my finger. I had time to cross a stile and hide myself behind a large hedge-row tree.

It was two policemen who passed—this I half saw, half guessed by the steady tramp. I hastened to return to the road, and continued my way, feeling less lonely from the consciousness that they were ahead. It never, somehow, occurred to me that they might be in search of me.

I don't know how far I walked, or how long. I tried to see the time by my watch, but found it had stopped. I had forgotten to wind it the night before. I was beginning to feel conscious that I could not hold on much longer when lights, gleaming through trees, showed me that I had come to a village.

The temptation to knock at some door and ask to be allowed at least to sit beside some cottage hearth till morning was strong. But what reason could I give for being alone so late upon the road? Besides, how could I tell I should be safe?

Presently I came to what I knew by the sign-board was the village inn. I hesitated whether I should seek a night's lodging there; but a chorus of men's voices

came out from the lighted room, and I shrank away into the darkness. Still, I felt safer lingering near human habitations than going on again farther into the unknown open country, where I might drop and die beside the road. And coming presently upon a carpenter's shed I went into it, thinking at least I could rest there a little while. It was not a bad place, and I sank down upon a pile of wood chips and shavings, and felt a delicious sense of repose. I had some biscuits and some chocolate in my bag. I managed to eat of these in spite of the dryness of my mouth and throat. Then I put my bag for a pillow, wrapped myself in my cloak, and wondered if I might not remain there till morning. It was a sweet September night, mild and still. While I wondered, I no doubt fell asleep. I must have slept long and well, for the night seemed to pass quickly. I had one terrible alarm; but only one. A large dog came barking into the shed, and, of course my dread was that it might be followed by its owner. I fed it with my biscuits, talked to it, and caressed it, and, by-and-by, it lay down at my feet, seeming to constitute itself my guardian, and no one called or followed it.

With the first blessed light of dawn I rose, patted my protector, shook myself free from the wood chips and shavings, and hastened to leave the village behind me before it should be astir. At first, my limbs were so stiff, heavy, and painful, that every step felt as if it must be my last; but with use the stiffness wore off.

The morning was perfect for serene radiance. I felt myself as a blot and blemish on its divine purity. Bathed in its air, and light, and perfume, a dim, strange yearning "to be good" arose in me. The eyes and the face that had fascinated me yesterday appeared to me, and appealed to me this morning. She might have taught me to be good. But now, for me, goodness was no longer possible. My future life would have to be a lie, audaciously planned, and unscrupulously carried out.

I was by-and-by overtaken by an old market-woman, jogging along in a pony-cart.

"'Ee be stirring betimes, 'ee be."

"How far to the nearest railway-station?" was my question.

"Nigh upon seven mile, straight forrard. Would 'ee like to ride a bit?"

I would have liked. But the friendly old woman looked inquisitive. I foresaw

a host of questions to answer, or to evade, and I declined her offer.

Seven miles! How should I manage them? If I could once reach a large town where travellers were coming and going, I should feel safe. I could go to an hotel for breakfast, rest, and a bath.

The old woman had long disappeared in the distance, and other vehicles had overtaken and passed me by. The world was awake and astir now. I had rested and gone on again, rested and gone on again, more than once. My feet dragged more and more heavily. By-and-by they would not move. A cold moisture broke out all over me. Everything grew dark. I groped for something to hold by, but found nothing. There was a crash, and a flash of light before my eyes; then I knew nothing.

When I came to myself, I was lying on the seat of a large, luxurious carriage, being carried along briskly by fast-trotting horses. A lady and a little girl were seated opposite to me.

"Is she dead?" I heard the child ask.

"Oh no, dear; she has only fainted."

"What shall you do with her, mamma?"

"Take her to Dr. Kirwan, and leave her there. He will send her to the Infirmary if he thinks it necessary."

"But isn't the Infirmary for quite poor people, mamma? Couldn't we take her home with us?"

"No, child. She may not be a proper person to bring into one's own house."

Here I struggled to sit up and began to explain and to apologise, to express my gratitude, and my desire to be set down; but thoughts and words came very confusedly, and everything reeled and danced before my eyes. I was forced to give myself more time. I prayed, as well as I knew how, that I might regain possession and command of myself.

The fresh brightness of the morning air was helpful, and when we reached the outskirts of the town I was really well enough to be able to insist on being set down to pursue my own way.

My swoon had been a mere accident, I said, consequent on my imprudence in undertaking too long a walk before I had breakfasted.

"If you are going by train you might, at least, let me deposit you safely at the station. I am going there myself, or I should not have been upon the road so early."

I was going by train, I told her; but not

immediately, as I had business to do in the town first.

"Quite providential that I drove in sight just as you fell. You might otherwise have been robbed. As it is you have bag and cloak quite safe, you see. You had nothing else, I think? Your luggage has, perhaps, been sent by carrier? Can my man be of any use to you about it?"

"Thank you, no. It is all quite safe."

I thought her questions dictated more by curiosity than kindness. Her manner was unsympathetic, and, though she had done me a considerable service, I tendered my acknowledgements with little feeling of gratitude, and was glad to be on my own feet on the road again.

The little child would have kissed me as I got out of the carriage; but her mother put her back in her place, and I affected not to see the movement which, nevertheless, touched me, and is often remembered.

The town outside which I found myself was a large one. I went to a good-looking hotel not far from the station. To the woman who showed me to a room I explained that I had been travelling all night, and muttered something of luggage left at the station, as I ordered my bath and breakfast.

After consulting a time-table, I decided to remain at the hotel all day, and to go on at night by London straight through to Dover. There was a comfortable couch in my room, and on it I stretched myself and there I lay. I did not sleep one moment, yet the hours passed quickly. It is a peculiarity of mine, that time always passes most swiftly with me when I am quite alone. And to-day I had so much to think about. I feel sure that I am naturally a truthful person; and the fact, which grew more and more plain to me, that my future life would necessitate so much falsehood and deception, harassed and disturbed me. Fresh difficulties beset every fresh plan that presented itself. Of the man to whom I had pledged myself, and on whom I was practising so cruel a fraud, I still only thought with aversion and resentment. I had no more pity for him than is due from the runaway slave to a bad master.

It was he who had brought me to this pass, I told myself. How blind I had been ever to imagine in him a benefactor! Instead, he had been a hard taskmaster. He had put me in the way of earning a livelihood, no doubt. But, probably, he had also hindered my gaining independence

and fortune. Fifty pounds, which I had with me, was all I had ever been able to save. And I had never—after the one early and accidental sort of success which brought me to his notice—had any joy in my work. This, perhaps, more than anything, had tended to wear me out so early. The joylessness of my life, the joylessness of my work—oh, I saw it all clearly now. I had never been mercenary, I assured myself. In a sense this was true. But, nevertheless, I keenly appreciated some few of the good things of life which only money can procure, and I knew him to be rich, and I took him for what he could give me.

When I had warned him that he would find me a dreary sort of companion for his middle life, and nothing of the nurse and caretaker he would need for his declining years; when I had told him that he was making a bad bargain; he had only laughed at me, called me a characteristic product of this nineteenth century, and assured me that in the fuller, brighter life which he would give me, the sunshine in which he would set me—he had grown almost poetical in his earnestness—I should renew my youth and waken to new interest and enjoyment. He talked to me of the things we were to do, the places we were to see: Scotland now, then the south of Europe. Anything, anywhere I pleased; and, though I listened listlessly, sitting in my dingy, dreary, lodging-house parlour, some warmth of anticipated enjoyment began to kindle in me, and I was able to lose sight of the consciousness, or the fear, that the companionship in which all was to be seen, and done, and experienced, might poison all delight.

The same lines of thought that occupied me through that day went on and on, and over and over, with me all through the journeying of the night; varied occasionally by some trivial reflection of how easy travelling was when you had no luggage; or some speculations, as trivial, concerning my fellow passengers; but never by one touch of remorseful sympathy with him.

SUPPRESSED CHARACTERS.

"CALL no man happy, until he is dead!" was an axiom which expressed, accurately enough, the curious undercurrent of superstition which so powerfully affected the mind of the cultivated, pleasure-loving Greek. And with at least equal confidence may it be affirmed that we know little or

nothing of the real nature of any man, until we have seen him under circumstances wholly unlike those with which we have been, half unconsciously it may be, accustomed to associate him. The clown of the circus, with his painted cheeks and powdered cock's comb, is proverbially a melancholy creature; while a hangman, on the other hand, is not impossibly a wag, whose raillery is appreciated by a select, if limited, circle of turnkeys and police. The very beadle can unbend; and your model butler, a shade more solemn than an archdeacon, provoke in the basement roars of laughter by the funny stories he tells. A big man, limbed like Hercules, when pressed for a song, usually begins to pipe out some sentimental cadence quite unsuited to his weight and size. The most self-assertive member of the company is likely to be the one who can boast of the fewest inches to his stature.

The old platitude which bids us not to trust to appearances, has, after all, a great deal of truth in it, even when there is no absolute effort, no deliberate intention, to deceive. Many men, and some women, are, quite unwittingly, impostors from the cradle to the grave. How could courtly Sir William Temple guess that in his humble parson-secretary, Mr. J. Swift, he was entertaining such a fire-brand as the future Dean of St. Patrick's? The "young Levite"—such was the contemptuous speech of the day with reference to such clerical hangers-on of the great—was abject in the deference with which he treated his patron. The meek scholar no more betrayed the fierce, sardonic, and imperious nature of the Dean Swift that was to be, than does the helpless chrysalis reveal the tints of the bright-hued butterfly.

Our highly complicated social arrangements contribute, in a large degree, to the suppression of character. Young Dick Random is told, from boyhood, that, because of the family living, he must "go into the Church." He does go into it, and a pretty figure he cuts. But although the Reverend Richard is a disgrace to his pulpit, he is yet liked by the poor, to whom he is kind in his rough, manly way, and would have been yet more popular had he been left free to obey the promptings of his nature, and wear blue and silver as a Captain of Irregular Cavalry in India. Young Trivet, on the other hand, who has mild, artistic longings, and handles a paint brush lovingly, is thrust into the counting-house, and condemned to a high

stool and the drudgery of double entry, merely because his tough old father chooses to regard him as a prospective partner in the firm of Tare, Tret, and Trivet, commission agents, of Liverpool.

Very few of us are quite free to select our own paths in life. Even over-abundant riches, especially when coupled with hereditary honours, are apt to become a snare wherein to entangle the feet of the young. If youthful Lord Barblazon has conscience and sense enough to withstand the potent temptations to become a mere idler and votary of pleasure, he is sadly in peril of becoming a pedant and a prig. He will be taught to snatch a fearful joy from conversations with convicts, and will make the prosiest of speeches on the driest of subjects before a sympathetic audience. And does not know that he is applauded because he is a lord.

Then, again, the necessity for earning daily bread tends to the cramping of many a character. Charles Lamb, doing routine duty at the India House, and Auguste Comte giving cheap lessons as a teacher of mathematics, are examples to the purpose. Even Washington, Shakespeare, and Napoleon, had, at the first, an arduous struggle to get through the churlish turnstile with which poverty obstructs the road to Fame's temple. There have been mute inglorious Chattertons, and phenomenal Pic de Mirandolas, who died before they could win even the recognition of regret.

Sometimes a sudden change of disposition, or, at any rate, of conduct, so astounds the world as to lay open the subject of criticism to the charge of hypocrisy. We are proud of the victor of Agincourt, and of the King whose successes made it possible for his infant son to be crowned in Paris; we have a sort of affection for the princely companion of roystering Sir John Falstaff; but no one would have dreamed that, in the person of the wild Prince, of the Royal Corypheus of Eastcheap revelry, of Dame Quickly's adored patron, lay hidden that other self—the devout monarch, the austere conqueror, the adroit diplomatist, who pitted faction against faction, force against force, until he very nearly succeeded in welding together the two principal States of Western Europe under the same sceptre. There have been other such transformations of character, puzzling, but perhaps easy to comprehend, did we but make due allowance for the wider stage, and the ampler opportunities, bringing with them, as in

some cases they do, a quickened sense of responsibility.

There are Judges who should have been Bishops, and Bishops whose lawn and mitre must surely be distasteful to the episcopal wearers, and who would be far more at home in a dragoon uniform, or even in the gaiters and shooting-coat of a plain country gentleman with a soul for short-horns.

The suppression of character affects all grades and conditions of life. Yonder serious clerk, whom his severe employers praise for having an old head upon young shoulders, and who is a volunteer teacher in the Sunday School, and an oracle at the Young Men's Association, abruptly turns out to have hidden the heart of a Borgia beneath that starched shirt-front of his. Newspaper revelations throw a lurid light on the good fellow who laughed so merrily and shook his friends so vigorously by the hand, yet was a poisoner all the while. That French notary, M. Bonhomme, he of the spotless necktie and broadcloth unspecked by a grain of dust, a man whose very spectacles inspired confidence, suddenly proves, when he has bolted with the money and securities of two generations of dupes, and ugly stories come to light, to have been not a defaulter merely, but a great deal worse.

Suppressed characters are, of course, of both sexes. But individuality is so much more marked in men than in women, whose sensitiveness to public opinion makes them nervously submissive to Grundydom, that it needs stronger microscopic power to discern when, so to speak, the square woman has been thrust into the round hole. There is also a kind of fatalism congenial to their minds, as to those of Orientals, which reconciles them with the inevitable. And they are very easily persuaded that things which they do not like are inevitable, when no immediate pathway through the tangled thicket of difficulty can be described. Yet they suffer, as doctors used to prescribe for neuralgic patients could tell us if they would, from uncongenial surroundings. This young bride, whose quick wit and emotional nature would have qualified her, it may be, for a famous actress, finds herself tied to a monotonous home, a dull neighbourhood, and a husband too busy even to guess what ails his Minnie when her colour and the brightness of her eyes begin to fade. That clever, chatty lass is surrounded by stolid relatives, who disapprove of high

spirits, and regard laughter as a personal affront. Yonder earnest girl, whose sense of responsibility is so strong, and whose aims are so high and noble, finds her aspirations thwarted by a domineering mother, and a father whose nature is coarse or commonplace, and has with a sigh to renounce the day-dreams of her youth.

But for the saturnalia of the great Revolution, there would have been no Robespierre, no Marat, as we know them now. The foppish, atrabilious lawyer; the mean little medical adviser of His Royal Highness the Count of Artois's stable boys, would not have been thought worth embalming in even the shallowest of memoirs, had not their baleful names come to be written in reddest ink in the chronicle of the Terror. Yet what Dr. Johnson would have called the potentiality of evil must have been equally strong in these grim heroes of 'ninety-three, even had there been no September massacres, no processions of jolting tumbrils on their dreary pilgrimage to the new-invented guillotine. If our English Edward had not been so high-handed in his attempt to annex Scotland, William Wallace would probably have lived and died without more than a parochial reputation. It took a violent outburst of patriotic feeling, long pent-up, to convert the quiet shepherdess of Domremy into the conquering maid, with her white banner and hallowed sword, marching upon Orleans.

Discipline, military or civil, scholastic or conventual, has always worked wonders in the suppression or modification of character in those subject to its iron rules. Indeed, Society has never been very tolerant of the inconvenient scruples or caprices of individuals, just as a hive of bees would make short work of repressing the eccentricities of a rebellious member of the swarm. It is plain that a ship could not be brought safely into port, nor an army prevented from degenerating into the most dangerous of mobs, if the opinions and desires of the majority were not tacitly overborne by the decision of the commander. In a less degree, the same principle applies to almost every—perhaps to every—department of life. And hence has grown up a very high estimate of the duty of obedience, as the quality without which nothing great or satisfactory can be performed. But obedience, which implies the utter abdication of self-will, however necessary, is a levelling agent which crushes down good qualities as well as bad ones.

The system of caste, roughly and boldly marked out in the Vedas, and painfully elaborated in India by successive priestly legists, was the greatest attempt to put mankind in leading-strings that the world has ever known. The hereditary barber, sweeper, and watchman of a village community were to be the progenitors of a race good for nothing but to patrol with sword and lantern, to shave, and to sweep. A banker was the predestined parent of endless generations of young bankers, whose hoondees should be cashed from Madras to Lahore. The goldsmith, the dullal or broker, the carrier, the gooroo, were to transmit their blood and the traditions of their craft to unnumbered descendants, each of whom should be content to teach the law, to drive laden bullocks, to bargain, or to make bangles and anklets. Yet, in spite of religion and of prejudice, holy Brahmins sank to be cooks, and Sudra adventurers rose to princely rank. Young men, doomed by the accident of birth to some servile calling, caught up spear and shield in the Rajah's army, or obtained posts in the Rajah's household, and so blossomed into unexpected position. And when the last desperate rising of the oppressed Hindus against the Mogul Emperors took place, a grain merchant of Delhi was chosen as generalissimo of the rebel host, which must have included many Rajpoots of noble lineage and with pedigrees extending beyond the era of Solomon.

In mediæval Europe a very general opinion prevailed as to the propriety of suppressing undue manifestations of individual character. Society, it was held, knew much better what was good for a man than the man himself could possibly know. In those days of grandmotherly legislation, of sumptuary laws, trade-guild statutes, and constant interference, people were handicapped in every possible way, so that the tortoise and the hare might run neck and neck in the race of life. It was forbidden to spend too much, or to grow rich too fast. Idle Harry went in fear of the beadle's whip; but the shrewd Giles might be pilloried as a forestaller and regrater of corn, and beef, and Lenten herrings, or possibly excommunicated for usury.

The law affected to prescribe the number of dishes on a citizen's table, and to decide with what sort of fur an esquire's wife might trim her hood. Such a state of things would have been, to a nation of

freemen, intolerable, had there been any serious and persistent effort on the part of those in power to enforce the vexatious regulations which Parliament voted so glibly. As it was, the law was gloriously broken every day, as regarded dress and diet, profit and recreation, and there was almost as much of practical freedom for an Englishman of the Plantagenet and Tudor reigns as for ourselves.

Perhaps the zenith of toleration for individuality of character has been attained, in civilised countries at least, in our own day. It has been held as an axiom that authority should be restricted to duties of mere police, and instead of trying to drive men into the right path, should confine itself to the punishment of evil doers. This sentiment is of recent growth.

In the American Union there yet lingers a prejudice against wine-drinkers and theatre-goers, and, although liveries may be seen in Washington and New York, the indulgence of such a taste for display might, in far-off Western cities, elicit awkward signs of popular disapproval.

Within the memory of middle-aged men it was unsafe to wear a beard at Naples. Such a badge of Republicanism entailed upon its owner the prospect of being dragged by indignant policemen to the nearest barber's shop, and of being there ignominiously shaved in presence of a jeering crowd of lazzaroni.

And if artists, architects, and literary men felt it rash to allow themselves the luxury of an unshorn chin, so did the Neapolitan noble dread the idea of even a bloodless duel. For a duel meant gyves and the galleys, without heed to provocation or respect for rank. The Bourbon Kings of the Italian branch were at least logical in their disregard of the wishes of any class of their subjects, and allowed no foreign, new-fangled notions to take root in the Two Sicilies.

Just so, thirty years since, it was impossible to travel in Austria or in Russia without constantly satisfying some petty official's curiosity as to the motives of such travelling.

It has been remarked that a common garb and an occupation in common tends to make human beings look very much alike. It is hard for the inexperienced eye to pick out any one of a regiment of soldiers, a gang of convicts, or a choir of monks. Even the everyday attire of black broadcloth, of which in the bustling streets we see so much, has a tendency to become

almost a disguise. It was not always so. In the days of fine clothes and bright colours people were very conspicuous.

Everyone in Bath knew Mr. Nash's two best suits—the pink and the blue. Raleigh's doublet, heavy with pearls, and his plumed hat with the diamond clasp, must have been as easily recognised as old St. Paul's. Few Londoners were unfamiliar with Monmouth's golden periwig, or Lauzun's red-heeled Paris shoes. The flashing gold lace; the rich embroidery; the ruffles, fine as a cobweb; the silver-hilted sword; the clouded cane, were too expensive adornments not to be worn over and over again in the Mall and Park, at Ranelagh and the Thatched House.

A dandy's coat came to be almost as well known as its mincing wearer, tripping in silk stockings along the muddy street, with a link-boy or a flambeau-bearing footman to light him to rout or coffee-house. Fine feathers did not necessarily make fine birds; but they certainly gave some scope for the revelation of character.

Professional characteristics are by far less notable than they once were. Ninety or a hundred years ago a British officer, instead of shuffling off his uniform at the first allowable moment, strutted habitually in his tight-fitting coat of scarlet and gold. Bankers, peers, country gentlemen, wore blue coats as surely as the parson wore black. Naval officers—now so mild—shivered their timbers like any theatrical Jack tar, and swore strange oaths by way of shotting their discourse. You could tell, not only by dress, but by diction, the social status of almost every casual customer. Nobody could confound the hard-living reveller, the buck, the blood, the macaroni, in a plurality of showy waistcoats and strangled in his stiff cravat, with the sober, brown-clad citizen. The physician not merely clung to his gold-headed cane, buckled shoes, and Court suit, but assumed a portentous air, such as might have befitted an astrologer of the Middle Ages—Nostradamus, let us say—and was oracular in his speech, something quite different from the kind, cheery doctor of to-day. Even the footmen were finer and more insolent than any plushed and powdered Jeames of the present epoch can possibly be. Counsellor Silvertongue was still the polite young barrister; but he had a formidable rival in overbearing Serjeant Browbeat. A Lord walked as if in robes and coronet, and your Member of Parliament, his hands full of postal franks and his

mind of jobbery, was quite unlike the modest M.P. of our own time.

Some great catastrophe, public or private, often brings suppressed characters to the front. In time of revolution, in the heat of battle, or when the fire spouts forth from the windows of a burning house, the true metal stands out distinct from dross and tinsel. It is a well-known fact that soldiers often prefer their quietest officers, with a discerning eye for the men fitted to lead them in the hour of peril. But, as a rule, bashful merit is apt to go to the wall. Nelson's valour and abilities, but for the crisis of the great French war, might probably have lifted their owner—the son of a needy Norfolk clergyman—no higher than the command of a revenue cutter, or the duty of First Lieutenant of "H.M.S. Yellow Jack," on the West India Station.

Even Marlborough, with his calm courage and consummate skill, was lucky in having some one to fight, and in measuring himself against the Marshals of the Grand Monarque instead of dangling uselessly about Whitehall or St. James's. There have been great actors who never faced the footlights, and born soldiers who never heard a shot fired in anger. But we live in an advertising, self-asserting age, and, therefore, run less risk of blushing unseen than did our diffident ancestors. The amateur in music, in concert singing, acting, or recitation, keeps hard at the heels of the professional, while the dullest-brained youth that ever handled a bat or ran a sprint may hope to attain to notoriety by his prowess in athletic sports. Altogether, there seems less probability of the suppression of any character not absurdly weak in this our day of tolerant good-nature, than in the harsher and more gloomy time that went before.

UNCLE BOB'S NIECE.

By LESLIE KEITH.

Author of "*The Chilcoates*," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASS over the arrival at Yarrow House; suppose the introductions made; the first dinner eaten; the first tentative gropings after sociability at an end; and let us listen to the comments which are the fortune of each fresh arrival.

Boarders are naturally and perforce critics of each other, and it is the habit to apply to each new comer a sort of pre-

liminary test in the form of an examination paper, or set of questions, calculated to extract the utmost amount of information in the shortest possible space of time.

The post of examiner was made over by universal consent to Mrs. Moxon, in part because she was the oldest inhabitant, and in part because her husband—had he not inconveniently died—would have been made a Canon (Mrs. Moxon lived upon this assertion as if had been a pension, and got a great deal more pleasure out of it), and in part also, no doubt, because she had such a natural aptitude for asking questions.

It seems, at first sight, as if this were a very easy matter; but it is in reality, like other branches of conversation, a fine art, and Mrs. Moxon practised it with pardonable pride in her skill. She usually chose the dinner-hour as the scene of her inquisition, when the victim was surrounded by witnesses, and could not hope to escape detection if he attempted to prevaricate. When she had turned him clean outside in, and left him without an unexplored corner to hide a poor secret in, she let him loose to await the general judgement. This was generally gathered on the principle of the ballot, with a good deal of preliminary electioneering in bedrooms, and a final pronouncing of sentence over afternoon tea.

Madame Drave's vote did not count for much, because she was held to be open to corruption, and the person who in her eyes was "like-ablest and love-ablest"—in the phrase of Mr. Ruskin—was the person who paid cash down once a month. Mr. Burton and his niece were, therefore, perfect.

"You see," she remarked to Mr. Runciman, who had a fashion of straying into her private sitting-room after dinner, "you see it is such a great thing for me to have the best rooms filled. People seem to think I can afford to keep them for the pleasure of their society—a great mistake, my friend."

"The girl would be worth keeping just to look at. She's most uncommonly pretty!" cried young Runciman, who was on friendly terms with his hostess.

Madame smiled. Her smile was her least pleasing expression.

"That's all you foolish young men think of," she said, "just whether a girl is pretty or not."

"And young, and charming, and rich."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt; but I've got something else to think of, and I only hope you won't go and frighten her away

as you frightened Miss Jones, just when I thought she was safe for a permanency."

"I frighten her!"

Mr. Runciman opened a pair of innocent blue eyes with an air of guileless surprise.

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean," said Madame Drave, without any change in her tone. "And I think, considering how hard it is to make ends meet even with the house full, you might consider me a little."

"Faith! and am not I always considering you?" cried Runciman, who loved to be on good terms with every woman. "Don't I spend my life thinking about you? Didn't I get tickets for the theatre this very night? And haven't you gone and deserted me and disappointed me, so that I haven't the heart to go by myself?"

"Oh, go away, go away," cried Madame, "as if I have a minute to think of theatres with all the cares of this house on my head. Go and enjoy yourself without me."

"She asks me to enjoy myself without her!" cried he tragically, addressing the walls.

"Well go, any way, and leave me in peace to answer my letters. If you imagine that I can afford to sit still because the house is full you are very much mistaken. I have all those advertisements to answer to-night."

"Lure the victims here, and then send them away despairing."

"You see, if I can keep full, I can afford to have things much more comfortable," she said, returning to the practical view of the affair, "and I can keep those two poor things upstairs. I really thought I should have had to give them notice."

She looked straight at the young man; possibly he believed her; possibly she believed herself. Years of matrimony with a foreigner of easy morality had somewhat told on a conscience not too sensitive to begin with.

"Their appetites are certainly improving," said he so gravely that no one could suspect him of sarcasm. "I noticed that the young fellow actually took cheese—never knew him to do such a thing before; he'll be going in for a second helping of meat, presently. By the way," he adroitly warded off a boding storm, "that was a very successful feed. Hope you'll keep it up; the old boy evidently doesn't mean to rise with an appetite."

"You always get a good dinner. Nobody can say my table isn't liberal."

"There's nothing wanting to my bliss but a latch-key."

"You know I never will give anybody a latch-key in this house. It is one of my rules."

"But there's an exception to every rule. Why shouldn't I be the exception?"

Whether Mr. Runciman succeeded in becoming the exception or not, matters very little here; it was the general opinion that he could wrest anything from the lady of the house that he chose to ask, even to the headship of the establishment.

Upstairs, too, the talk was of the new arrivals.

Mrs. Sherrington could not settle immediately to the pile of manuscript she had yet to copy in her neat round hand.

"Did you ever see any one so pretty, so graceful?" she asked, looking across at her husband, who lay back in an easy-chair, taking the rest he held himself to have earned.

"Pretty?" he opened a pair of gazelle-like eyes with languid interest. "Of whom are you talking, my love?"

"Why, of the new girl, Alf dear. You surely must have noticed her; she sat opposite you, dressed in white. She is a great deal too pretty to pass unnoticed."

"Oh, the new people! I heard the man. Heavens! what a voice!" murmured Mr. Sherrington. "Didn't look at him; the voice was enough; it was as harsh as a cornercrake. As for the girl—I don't think I looked at her either; there is only one face that is ever pretty in my eyes."

"Oh, Alf!" cried his wife. Compliments from her husband were perhaps fewer than they had been from the lover of years ago, but they were just as precious. She got up and leant over his chair, pushing back his hair with a caressing touch.

"She is a great deal prettier than I am," she whispered, "and a vast deal better dressed;" but she loved him for the denial.

"It's all a matter of opinion, isn't it?" said Alf, with his melancholy intonation, submitting to be kissed. "I used to imagine my taste was tolerably unassailable."

If men but knew the value of this species of gentle flattery, they would be more liberal in its use. Possibly it would be cynical to suggest that Mr. Alfred Sherrington did know it; but it is certain that his wife went back to her task with a new alacrity and steadfastness of purpose. She believed in him with all her simple heart and soul, and loved him but the

more because the world had been slow in its recognition of his genius. For others, as Miss Walton had remarked, he had a certain charm, and his very selfishness became almost a virtue by reason of its unique sincerity. He was a person for whom women, at least, were always likely to make sacrifices, which by no means implies that he was worthy of them. To his wife, he was the Greatest Man. She would have put him first on that list of heroes, that everybody was busy making a little while ago; his fugitive essays—which she copied so carefully and which very few ever read—would have headed Sir John Lubbock's famous "Hundred Best Books" had she been consulted. She scanned the papers daily in search of his name: a word in praise of him gave her more delight than a new gown. And yet he did not feel abashed, overawed, before this loyal, undeviating belief, as a man of finer fibre might have done. Such simple faith might have stung a lesser man with shame, might have lifted a nobler one to higher efforts and attainments. Alfred Sherrington took it with grace as his right, and slept sweetly while his wife shaded the light and took her softest pen—for Alf loved not the scraping of a quill—and bent her pretty shoulders and tired her bright eyes while she copied his laborious vacuities, and set them forth in their fairest dress for the great editor's eye.

From below came a sound of lively music. There the card tables were set; there the City man told his best story; there were novels, and needlework, and easy chairs; there were the most comfortable Mrs. Major and her Major, with whom to exchange opinions on the new comers, and the widow of the would-have-been Canon, from whom to extract new particulars; but none of these joys were for the scribbler upstairs.

She put them from her lightly enough. A woman's power of sacrifice is practically boundless where her affections are pledged. Mrs. Sherrington would have held it an immense indignity had anyone hinted that she was "put upon." Was it not her dearest privilege to minister to genius?

Rights of woman, indeed! Rights of spinsters—old maids and young maids who are husbandless as yet, it may be; but poll the wives of England to-morrow, and will you find one in a hundred who is not a willing slave? Strong-minded clamourers for emancipation, you will never be free

while the old divine rights of love and marriage are in fashion, for every bride who loves her lord is a new-made enemy to your cause.

In the upper regions of the house where the dwellers on the first and second floors never penetrated, a young girl stood meditatively before her easel. The door was wide, and the borrowed lights from without entered it hesitatingly and but dimly revealed her. She was doing nothing at all; indeed it would not have been possible to do anything in the veiled darkness, and so it is probable that she was either thinking intently or else listening—perhaps for the step that presently made itself heard, crossing a floor above and then descending a carpetless stairs. It came nearer, and it stopped at the open door. Then a voice said:

"Can I do anything for you to-night?"

The girl turned quickly.

"Wait one minute, please," she said in a clear, quick way. "I have something to show you."

She struck a match and lit a candle, holding it up to guide him. It fell on a young man with a pale young face, and hair that had turned preternaturally silver. The grey hair gave him an odd look of being younger than he really was, as if Nature had made a mistake, and, intending him for an old man, had suddenly converted him into an ancient boy. There was a mild, surprised remonstrance in his blue eyes, as if he had not got over some astonishment at the hardness of life; but there was a resolute patience too, expressed obliquely in his shabby dress, in the pile of books he carried under his arm. A great many young gentlemen would have refused to dress shabbily because of the accident of their poverty; and a still greater number would have scorned to eke out an inadequate salary with private lessons, given for a sum that would not have kept them in cigars.

"Look here," she said, when he had got up to her, "look at this."

She turned the light suddenly on the canvas, revealing a study of a girl's head. There was a certain cleverness and facility in the drawing, and the face was pleasing at a first glance; but a further scrutiny revealed a subtle lack.

"You have altered it," he said, when he had lit another candle. "You have changed it somehow."

"No," she said, with a certain gentle

vehemence. "I have not touched it since you saw it last. It is only that we have seen a living face since then and that mine is dead—that is all. It is a ghost; it is a face without a soul behind."

"You will put the soul into it." To him it only meant a little more toil; a little more effort where all was effort.

She shook her head softly.

"Ah, no," she said. "I cannot create a soul though I have made a pretty mask for it to hide behind. I have tried things which are too high for me."

She lifted a brush and dipping it drew a dark streak across the eyes.

He raised his hand quickly to arrest the action, but it was too late.

"Better so," she said. "Now they will not stare at me any more with reproach. 'Why have you bereft us of a soul?' they have been saying all this time, and I never knew it till to-night—till I saw that girl."

There was a little silence between them; life had presented so many problems and perplexities to them both that neither had many words to spare for a new disappointment.

"Haven't you any sketches for me to take to-night?" he said at last. "I must pass the shop anyhow, and I was to get half-a-crown each for the next lot."

She went to a portfolio, and drew forth two little landscapes in water-colour.

"This represents five shillings," she said, as she tied them in paper and handed them to him. "The dealer has, after all, the justest appreciation of my powers. I am sorry you have to go out," she said, as he took them from her and turned away; but she felt the next moment that it was rather a weak remark, for since he had to go, what was the use of being sorry?

Some slight hints have here been given of the effect that Tilly produced on her fellow boarders. As will be noticed, it was all Tilly; she was the head and front of remark, the "cynosure of all eyes," as writers of a past generation (who loved a phrase) would have said, and not that respectable gentleman, her uncle, who was a millionaire.

So much for a pretty face, and a charming smile, and a dress that fits to perfection. It says something for this cynical old world of ours, after all, that the apple of gold still falls in the lap of the fairest, and that money—unadorned—is so often out of the running.